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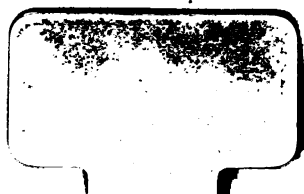
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LOVE and DUTY:

OR, THE

DISTRESS'D BRIDE.

A

TRAGEDY.



As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

By Mr. J. STURMY.

Splendide mendax.

Morat. Car. Lib. 3. Ode 11.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. CHETWOOD in *Russel-street.*
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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

IN ev'ry Work where Nature fits to Art,
That only strikes the Sense, affects the Heart,
Which Nature's self in its full Force displays,
And paints her Likeness in her different Ways,
Whether in Colours, Art its Skill hath shown,
Or soften'd to a Nymph the rugged Stone,
Or Works more lasting by the Poet done:
Thus Raphael's Pieces still alive delight,
The bold Gladiator stands prepar'd for Fight,
And Godlike Cato ravishes our Sight:
The finish'd Piece our rising Passions own,
And poor Monimia never weeps alone:
The Villain's curs'd in false Iago's Part,
And wrong'd Othello's Pangs pierce ev'ry Heart:
Whilst Works deform'd, from Nature erring, raise
Just Indignation, in the room of Praise.
How would it move your Anger, or your Spleen,
To see Thersites put on Plato's Mien?
Or should the Tragick Scene presume to show
Rough Clitus mimick'd by the tawdry Beaux.
Our Author would avoid Faults gross as these,
Nor paint with Pigmy's Foot huge Hercules:

His

PROLOGUE.

*His Kings are Men; and tho' his Story's Greek,
Ventures to make his Hero English speak.
In easy Manner, and a simple Dress,
Th' unhappy Maid doth all her Soul express;
Her Grief, and all her Passions real are,
And rarely do her Words with Sense wage War.
Fain would he make his Fable just appear,
As Truth conspicuous, and from Censure clear:
Wishes you may believe, what here you see;
Hopes, if not charm'd, you'll not offended be;
Hopes this first Draught your Candour will excuse,
And prove indulgent to his Virgin Muse.
With bolder Wing, she then shall take her Flight,
And labour to attain Perfection's Height:
Heroes and Kings shall like themselves appear;
His Pencil represent Things great and rare,
Presume to paint that Heav'nly Circle there.*

}

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. SEYMOUR.

LADIES, to you my Suit I humbly move,
To pity and protect distressed Love:
Whilst you my Champions, I have nought to fear;
They merit Scorn, who dare oppose the Fair.
The young Men sure will favour Love's Desires:
Give me the Sons, let who will take the Sires.
For Love dishonest I have nought to say,
For such (if any such) who go astray:
Mine was all Fair, the Matrimonial Way.
The World may chance to blame; say all they can,
Her Father kind, but kinder my good Man.
The King her Father caution'd her 'gainst Love,
To steel my Breast I strove, but vainly strove:
Lynceus so loving was, so very civil;
And then you know that this same Love's the Devil.
My Duty urg'd its Right, and long disputed,
But Inclination's hard to be confuted;
Nature had cut me out for other work,
Than murdering Men, like Cannibal or Turk;
Had he consulted me, I'd let him know,
The Time too he had chose, mal a propos:
Being Old, he quite forgot the mighty Pother
On his own wedding Night, how pleas'd my Mother.
At such a Time, could I the poor Man slay?
Alas, my Thoughts were turn'd another way;
In the nice Minute my dear Lord to kill!
Kindness might do the Dead, but not the Steel.
Ye tender-hearted Wives, weigh well my Case,
Reflect what you'd have done, if in my Place:
And O ye Virgins, pray consider that,
How much ye long to know, I know not what.
Ye Lovers all, with Favour judge my Cause,
And crown the Bride Distress'd with kind Applause.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Danaus, King of *Argos*,

Lyncæus, Son of King *Egyptus*,

Arcas, } Favourites of *Danaus*,
Iphis, }

Idas, Companion of *Lyncæus*,

A Soldier,

Mr. *Bobema*.

Mr. *Quin*.

Mr. *Diggs*.

Mr. *Hewler*.

Mr. *Egleton*.

Mr. *Orfeur*.

W O M E N.

Hypermnestra, Daughter of *Danaus*,

Iris, her Companion,

Mrs. *Seymour*.

Mrs. *Egleton*.

Guards, &c.

SCENE *the Palace of Danaus at Argos.*

T H E



LOVE and DUTY:

OR, THE

DISTRESS'D BRIDE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Lynceus and Idas.

L Y N C E U S.



HIS Sickness of the Soul may
blast my Lawrels:

This Malady of Love, how sudden
caught?

Yet who so skill'd, to fix the time
of Cure?

O *Idas*! now experienc'd, I con-
fess

The powerful God, so often set at
nought.

Constrain'd, I bow to his imperious Sway,
And pay inglorious Homage to his Pow'r.

B

Yet

2 LOVE and DUTY: Or,

Yet since the Tyrant gives his Slave no Ease,
No flatt'ring Hope allows, to sooth my Pain;
I'll struggle to cast off the servile Yoke,
Bid him Defiance, and contend for Freedom;
Henceforth become my self, strait quit these Realms,
Where his Vicegerent *Hypermnestra* reigns,
And seek far hence the Liberty I've lost.
This way the King to his Apartment goes,
I'll here attend, and take my leave.

Idas. Unheard? unknown? To speak is to succeed;
Let *Danaus* see whose Blood, what Merit pleads,
'Tis *Lynceus* sues to be his Son-in-Law:
Thrice has the changing Moon fill'd up her Orb,
Since you, my Lord, took leave of *Egypt's* Court;
To Fame aspiring thro' the Paths of Danger,
Shrouding your Birth beneath a borrow'd Name.
Do *Lynceus* Justice, and recal the Day
By you made glorious, when begirt with Numbers,
Great *Danaus* ow'd his Safety to your Arm,
Which warded from his Breast the deadly Stroke,
And bravely held at Bay an Host of Foes;
Your Arm, which rear'd the Soldier's drooping Head,
Gave him new Life, and turn'd Defeat to Conquest:
What Honours then (the just Rewards of Valour)
Made great your feigned Name? how sought the King
By study'd Arts to fix you in his Court?
Within his grateful Breast so deep's engrav'd
The Service of that Day, 'twill ever there remain:
Favouring your Wish, he gratifies his own,
His Honour might aspire to crown your Love.

Lyn. Fair *Hypermnestra* mine! her Father's Gift too!
Is then my Friend the Stranger of the Court?
Alone unknowing of the King's Resolves?

Idas. Can ought oppose the Prince that prop'd his
Throne?

And who's an equal Rival to the Son
Of great *Egyptus*? Sure strange Resolves!

Lyn. Won-

Lyn. Wondrous indeed ! When Age hath worn us
out,

Pleas'd we behold from our old wither'd Trunks
Young Shoots arise, to blossom forth our Prime ;
And thus, tho' dying, we delude the Fates.
But Royal *Danaus*, tho' to Gods ally'd,
A Period fixes to his high-born Race,
And breaks himself the fair extended Line.
His beauteous Daughters, Ornaments for Crowns,
Not one must hope a joyful Mother's Name :
By strong Delusions sway'd, the King unjust,
(Deaf to all Courtship from the neighb'ring Princes,
His Mind tenacious of its rigid Purpose)
For ever has forbid 'em Nuptial Joys,
For ever banish'd *Hymns* from his Court :
How idle then are all my Thoughts of Love ?
Thy friendly Zeal too soon insur'd Success.

Idas. My honest Heart cou'd only speak its Wish ;
Henceforth, my Lord, your Reasons bind my Tongue ;
For old Experience well reminds me,
How ill a Lover brooks his Suit deny'd.

Lyn. 'Tis true, my Soul, impatient of Repulse,
To Death than Scorn more willing wou'd submit.
'Twas therefore, when I knew the King's rash Purpose,
I sought an Interest stronger than my own ;
Fall oft *Egyptus* hath indulg'd the Thought,
Alliance firm and lasting to contract,
By Wedlock's holy Ties, betwixt his Sons
And *Danaus* his graceful, heav'nly Daughters.
My Father's Wish thus favouring my Desires,
Mentor's dispatch'd to inform him of my Love.
But sure, by adverse Winds the Bark is lost,
Or Time hath worn me from my Father's Mind :
No welcome News from *Memphis* doth arrive,
Whilst every Hour encreases more my Pain.
But *Danaus* appears.

Enter Danaus and Arcas.

Dan. Behold, my *Arcas*, in this wondrous Youth,
My Throne's Support, my Life, my Honour's Guard.
How shall I speak our great Concern, the Loss
Which not my self alone, but *Argos* bears?
Fruitless are all Attempts that urge his Stay.
Yet teach us, Sir, e'er you depart our Court, [*To Lyn.*
To acquit our self of what's your Virtue's Due.

Lyn. For one Hour's work, great Sir, and that of
Chance,

Too lavish are the Favours which I find;
Rewards, that claim the Service of my Life:
Which not the Hand of Time shall e'er remove
From Memory's Seat; for in a grateful Soil,
Honour once planted never dies.

Dan. Most blest will be the Land that holds such
Worth.

Yet shou'd thy Virtue ever be distress'd,
Know me thy Friend; and trust me, *Danaus* thinks
No Services can pay the Debt he owes.

Lyn. Too high you prize the Fortune of my Sword,
Which at all times shall gladly own your Cause.
Till then, great Sir, Farewel.

Dan. Farewel my Friend, Illustrious Youth Farewel.
[*Ex. Lyn. and Idas.*

Dan. I'll cloak my Fears no longer :
A Friend's the best Phyfician for the Soul.
Thy Courage, *Arcas*, and approved Faith,
Make me resolve at length t' unfold my Breast,
Those Secrets to disclose which rack my Mind :
From thee alone I must expect my Ease.

Arc. Command the Life of *Arcas* : What wou'd my
Lord?

Dan. Indulgent Heav'n avert th' impending Dan-
ger.

Arc. Some

Arc. Some black Design against my Prince's Life!
Yet Treason known is half prevented.

Dan. Full dear, alas, the fatal Knowledge cost,
Whose Purchase robb'd me of my Peace of Mind;
Still had I happy been, had I still nothing known.
How trembles now my Soul ev'n at the Thought!
The Wretch that lives in Fear is truly wretched.
Teach me, ye Gods, how to prevent my Fate.

Arc. Your Fate! O speak and give me all your fears.

Dan. Attend; then judge how just my great Concern—

When call'd by Heav'n to wear th' Imperial Crown,
How shall I speak my People's Shouts, their Joy?
Their Hands, their Hearts, their very Gold was mine;
And tho' uncommon, thro' my Course of Rule,
Their willing Duty still hath been the same;
Fortune her self on me hath constant smil'd,
Heav'n's bounteous Hand extends its choicest Blessings.
My Nuptial Bed's adorn'd with goodliest Fruit,
A numerous Offspring crowns my hoary Years,
So fair, so good, they seem of heav'nly Kin.
Such Daughters! Can Evil spring from them?

Arc. If ought but Good, the Gods bely themselves.

Dan. No anxious Cares disturb'd my peaceful State,
Or latent Troubles once o'ercast my Mind,
No Prince more glorious, none more happy reign'd,
The fatal Error! O too fond Desire!
To unfold the hidden Mysteries of Fate,
And pry into the secret Womb of Time,
To view what Heav'n conceals from mortal Eyes;
Thence learn my destin'd Lot, and future Ills
Prevent;

For present I knew none: One solemn Day,
At Dusk of Eve, I to the Grove retir'd,
Where stands *Apollo's* consecrated Fane;
Strait I the God consulted prostrate,
Thrice him invok'd by Prayer, e'er Voice was heard;

6 LOVE and DUTY: Or,

At length these Sounds tremendous shook the Dome.
Arcas, observe them well.

Thy Fate requires that Blood be shed.
 Thy Life is in thy Daughters Power.
 Beware the fatal Marriage Hour.
 Thy Sons-in-Law shall cut thy Thread,
 Unless they Dye, as soon as Wed.

Arc. Most terrible the Voice of Heav'n;
 How dreadful's Fate's Decree!

Dan. The fatal Sounds no sooner struck my
 Ear,
 Than sudden Horror seiz'd my sinking Soul!
 Each Place, each Hour threaten'd some unseen
 Death,

My Fears gave thousand Deaths.
 Again the Oracle I weigh, again revolve
 The Words of Fate; Then be it so, I cry'd:
 If Sons-in-Law must give me certain Death,
 No destin'd Sons by Wedlock will I fear;
 My Daughters all shall happy Virgins dye;
 And from their Death I'll grow Immortal.

Arc. From Great *Apollo* came this wise Resolve,
 The *Grecian* Prince meet deserv'd Repulse;
 Since Love successful dooms my Sovereign's Death.

Dan. Thus resolute my Will, I spake my self se-
 cure.

Self-Confidence in Man is always vain:
 My Fears a while remov'd, return again.

Arc. What Cause recalls 'em? from Heav'n a second
 Voice?

Dan. The mighty Prince *Egyptus* (whose Domain
 Of vast Extent, with populous Towns o'er-spread,
 Whose Fields the Constant Nile o'erflows with
 Plenty,)

Demands as Wives my Daughters for his Sons.

(Our

The DISTRESS'D BRIDE. 7

(Our Numbers Males and Females match alike.)

To this Demand he no Reply admits ;
But if deny'd, with well-appointed force,
Will take that from us which he deigns to ask :
And thus his Minister explain'd his Mind.

Arc. *Egyptus* mean to expose your sacred Life !
His Blood, my Lord, runs kindly mixt with yours,
Declare the Oracle, and thence your fears ;
He must allow 'em just

Dan. The Means must proper judg'd, I have pursu'd.
Iphis, whose wish'd Return ev'n now I wait,
To *Memphis* with my Orders is dispatch'd,
To Intreat on our behalf the proud *Egyptus* ;
All Arts to use, to win him from his Purpose.
If these prove vain, if Human Pow'r's too weak,
To shew him what the Sovereign Gods decree,
That whilst he Nuptials seeks, my Life he seeks.

Arc. Hope all, my Lord. *Iphis* bids us hope,
His Speed denotes Success.

Enter Iphis.

Dan. Speak'st thou me Safety, *Iphis*,
Or does the haughty King —

Iphis. Arm, Arm, my Lord. Danger begets our
Gates ;

Th' insulting King, deaf both to Men and Gods,
Unmov'd remains ; urges with haste his Suit,
Ev'n now his Sons the Royal Palace storm :
One Bark to *Argos* bore us.

Dan. Ye Heav'nly Powers protect me !

Iphis. To win upon him, ev'ry Art I try'd ;
And forward Duty aided my Invention.
Whilst self-will'd he, condemn'd your Fears, my Zeals
Nay, when the sacred Sentence I reveal'd,
Which Great *Apollo* from his *Tripas* gave ;
(Whether instructed by some other Law,
Or that his Country Gods speak other Sense)
Be *Danaus* Master of himself, he cry'd,

His idle Scruples let him lay aside :
 From Laws which others bind, Kings are exempt :
 I'll answer for the Gods, and for my Sons.
 So haste, and bear this Message once again——
 Yet hold : of all his Race (so tells Report)
 Fair *Hypermnestra* is his chiefest Care,
 Her I bespeak for my most favour'd Son,
 My *Lyneus*, who, as Letters do inform,
 Already on your Coast is safe arriv'd :
 My other Sons shall your Companions be——
 Together we embark'd, together put ashore.

Dan. To be a King, and tamely bear such Treatment !

And shall our Palace eccho to their Insults ?
 Be menac'd on our Throne ? receive their Laws ?
 Our self stand forth th' exalted Mark of Scorn ?
 Contemptuous Majesty ! Witness those Gods he braves,
 I'll suit my Vengeance to the bold Affront.
 The Pow'r he thus contemns shall crush his Boys ;
Egyptus then will learn who reigns in *Argos*.
 Well doth the Holy Oracle advise,
 And Death I merit well, if one I spare.

Arc. Their Persons by the Guards secur'd,
 Your Justice may be satisfy'd at Pleasure.

Dan. No : Invention shall supply the Place of Force,

And Friendship's Face will prove a safe Disguise.
 Teem quick, my Brain, with unsuspected Arts,
 And let approaching Danger haste their Birth.
Iphis, bid *Hypermnestra* strait attend.

[Exit *Iphis*.]

Now to ensnare these drested Sons—If one escape !
 Why shakes my Soul ? these ominous Fears preface
 The Term preferib'd by Fate is now at hand.
 Howe'er we'll not be wanting to our selves :
 The Stranger, *Arcas*, whose protecting Arm
 Hath once already barr'd Death's threatening Stroke,
 Again

The DISTRESS'D BRIDE.

9

Again may shield us in a dangerous Hour :
Haste, his Departure by some means prevent,
Say 'tis from great Esteem I make Request
That one Day longer he wou'd grace our Court.

Arc. Your Will, my Lord, commands his Stay. [*Ex.*

Dan. Man's thought is then most closely set to work,
When hard Necessity commands the task.

Enter Hypermnestra and Iris.

Come *Hypermnestra*, and beguile my Years.
I sent to talk with thee; thou know'st in Pain
I pass that Day which shows me not my Child.
My darling Daughter brings me certain Ease.
The Infirmities of Age pass unobserv'd
Whilst thou art by, and Pain has lost its Sting:
The Sceptre hath no Weight, no Cares the Crown,
And ev'ry Evil at thy Presence flies.
Thy ripening Years are fruitful in Return,
For all th' Expences of my careful Love.

Hyp. My Father's Love dwells ever in my Mind,
Such Love as still did with my Years increase,
And now hath reach'd the full Perfection.
O 'tis the pleasing Subject of my Thoughts!
How glows my Breast to shew the Sense it bears!
When will Time call me forth, by some great Act
To express the Duty which I owe my Father?

Dan. And speaks thy Heart thus warm? well to thy
Wish,

Occasion offers tryal of thy Love :
To all your Sisters you shall lead the Way,
And first in Love, shalt show thy Duty first.
Thy forward Zeal will animate their Breasts.
But first consider well thy Strength, thy Sex,
'Tis some new Virtue that I now require,
Unshaken Courage, a resolved Mind,
Worthy a Daughter tender of my Life :
Is thy Soul equal to some brave Exploit ?

An

10 LOVE and DUTY: Or,

An Action that demands a manlike Spirit ?
Thou seem'st already flatt'nd ev'n at Words.

Hyp. O Sir, you wound, whilst you suspect my Love.
Your Will once known, your just Commands declar'd,
To hesitate with me wou'd be a Crime ;
My Duty makes me cheerfully obey.
Submissive e'er to your Royal Mandate,
To bless my Father's Years, each tender Vein
Wou'd willing bleed ; O Fate, my Thread of Life
Cut short, to make my Father's longer.

Dan. The righteous Gods forbid such horrid Proof !
Thy Blood ! the Thought strikes Terror on my Soul ?
O no, there needs not so inflam'd a Zeal,
To execute the Task which Reason sets,
The Duty which Paternal Love requires.
Yet know, my Child (tho' I not doubt thy Love)
E're I declare my Will, this Proof I ask,
That thou by Oath do solemn Protest make,
I' th' Face of Heav'n, avenging broken Vows,
To do such Act as our right Mind shall will,
Your Sisters too shall in like manner swear ;
Thy Goodness is of force to influence 'em all.
I'll give forth Orders that they wait my Pleasure.
Be it, my Child, thy Care to guide their Steps,
Kindly to meet me at *Apollo's* Altar.

[*Exit*]

Hyp. *Iris*, methinks the King, with much Concern,
In an unusual manner, task'd my Duty :
In truth, it gives my Mind some little Pain.

Iris. Mistrust's imply'd, when we exact an Oath.
I thought a Promise might have giv'n Content.

Hyp. So went my Thoughts ; what can my Father
mean ?

When did I give him cause to doubt my Love ?
Have you observ'd me slacken in my part,
That, as suspected, I am bound by Oaths ?

Iris. O 'tis your Joy to execute his Will ;
Your Heart's so ready, so entirely bent,

To

To ev'ry Purpose of your Father's Mind,
It caus'd me to admire, that one so young,
One form'd so fair by Nature's liberal Hand,
Took not some other tender Passion in.

Hyp. Alas, my *Iris*!

[Sighing.]

Iris. Nay, as a Friend I wanted of my Right.

Hyp. Alas, my Friend, I fear you've caus'd a child.

Iris. Another Sigh! Perhaps I am deceiv'd.

'Tis in such broken Language Lovers speak. [Aside.]

Hyp. It must be an Affair of mighty weight,
To induce my Father to this solemn manner;
May it concern no other Breast but mine:
O shou'd it prove injurious to the Stranger!

Iris. Is the young Warrior then so much your Care?
Perhaps for him those tender Sighs arose.

Hyp. Sav'd not the valiant Youth my Father's Life?
Shou'd I not with the dear Preserver well?

Iris. Deal, *Hypermnestra*, as becomes a Friend;
Conceal no longer from my faithful Breast
A flame so pure and bright, it will break forth:
Avow the highest Passion of the Soul.

The Heroick Stranger, first in the race of Honour,
Is worthy of your Care, is worthy of your Love.

Hyp. O cease to fan the Fire that wastes my Soul;
Thy Breath to extinguish lend, not aid the Flame;
A Flame forbidden. The God is blind indeed,
Nor do the idle Poets always sign.

'Twas aimless, without sight he bent his Bow,
To wound a Maiden Heart, deny'd to Love.
For well thou know'st the Law severe, impos'd
By Order of the King, on all his Race:

His Law, his cruel Law shall be obey'd,
The Passion smother'd struggling in my Breast,
Tho' Love's so link'd with Life, they'll cease together.

Alas they're Friends which none but Death can part!
But Peace, intruding Love, that thus usurp'st

The

12 LOVE and DUTY: Or,

The Place of other Thoughts; the time requires us
hence,

Before the Altar to attend the King.

To Duty's Call my Heart no Summons needs;

Let's haste my Friend, the Post of Honour's mine.

Sisters, led on by me, our selves will prove

The great Examples of a filial Love.

Shou'd Dangers threaten, yet we'll boldly on,

With Joy obey, tho' sure to be undone.

The End of the First ACT.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter. Hypermnestra and Iris.

Hyp. **H**OW slowly Time on Leaden Wings is born,
Whilst anxious Thoughts impatient of Delay
Require his utmost Speed?

With what uneasy Weight the Soul's oppress'd,
At Strife within it self 'twixt Hope and Fear,
By Turns disturb'd, and pleas'd as each takes place?
Now Fear prevails, and sets me on the Rack.
O still my Thoughts revolve the dreadful Vows,
Made in the awful Presence of the Gods.
Did'st thou, my *Iris*, heed the solemn Rites,
The Imprecations full of dire Import?

Iris. A Witness to your Words, aghast I stood,
Saw the Commotions of a Mind disturb'd:
Your Looks bespoke Disorder, and Amazement.

Hyp. Surprising was the Cause.
Soon as the holy Temple we approach'd,
A Trembling seiz'd my Limbs, unknown before.
With pain my feeble Steps the Altar reach'd,
And whilst my fault'ring Tongue pronounc'd the Oath,
The Altar heav'd, and shook beneath my Hand.
What cou'd, my *Iris*, the om'nous Sign portend?
Is it that Heaven's displeas'd with what I did,
That thus the Gods took notice of my Vows?
Or do they thus give Signs of Approbation?
For Acts of Duty sure are Acts of Goodness.
Haste then, my Father, give me to know thy Will,

My

14 **Love and Duty! Or,**

My Heart's on fire, engag'd by Oaths, by Duty.

Iris. Madam, the King this way approaches.

Hyp. O then he'll open to me all his Soul,
And ease my labouring Mind. Leave me, *Iris*,
I'll meet him here alone. [*Ex. Iris.*]

Enter Danaus.

Dan. My *Hypermnestra*! close to my Heart, more dear
Than the warm vital Stream, that circles there.
This wondrous Act of Duty to thy Father
Restores my Peace, and cheers my troubled Mind.
Well I foresaw, my Child, the powerful Force
Of thy Example, which thy Sisters all
Pursu'd, and with like Oaths have bound their Souls.
I wanted not, alas, such Bonds for thee;
More strong I knew the Ties of Love like thine.
Thy Sisters Faith, not thine, I held in doubt,
And therefore did enforce great Nature's Laws,
Lab'ring to impress upon their tender Minds,
The Horrors that attend a perjur'd Soul,
Th' impending judgments on the Wretch forsworn,
And all the Fury of th' avenging Gods.

Hyp. Most gracious Sir, delay not to impart your Will,
That my Obedience, equal to my Love,
May stand the first and fairest to your View.
There needs no impulse to a willing Mind.
Not Hell's stern Judge, at his tremendous Bar,
His Wheels, his Whips, his torturing Engines,
Nor all the Terrors of th' Infernal King,
Beyond Conception great, have so much Power
To urge Compliance, as my filial Duty:
Whose Proof, not Words alone, but Deeds shall vouch.
For base Ingratitude, my Lord——

Dan. This need not be, my best lov'd *Hypermnestra*,
I'm satisfy'd—— thou hast giv'n Content.
Now mark me well; thy best Attention lend,

I trust thee with my Sceptre, and my Life.
 The proud *Egyptus*, on his Pow'r presuming,
 (By *Iphis* with his Sons this Morn arriv'd)
 In an imperious manner sends Demands
 To us, that nuptial Rites be solemniz'd
 Forthwith, betwixt my Daughters and his Sons;
 And you my Child this haughty King expects
 As Wife for *Lyncæus*, his most favour'd Son.
 Now show at what a Price you set our Love;
 To accomplish my Designs, accept the Hand
 Of the young *Lyncæus*, as your wedded Lord.
 (Oh heed my Words, and fortify your Mind:)
 His Wedding-day must be his last:
 Ne'er must this Husband rise from nuptial Bed,
 To feast his Eyes upon his blushing Bride;
 He must be slain, my Daughter, by thy Hand slain.
Hyp. Defend me, Heav'ns! what means my gracious
 Sire?

Dan. 'Tis to prevent a more inhuman Act.
 This Ponyard must be sheath'd within his Breast.

Hyp. What do I hear, just Gods!

Dan. Thy Sisters in like deadly manner arm'd,
 Like glorious Ardor shall inflame their Souls,
 And ev'ry Husband fall beneath their Hands.
 For by the never-erring God's Decree,
 My sudden Death ensues your nuptial Rites;
 Shou'd any Son-in-Law escape with Life.
 The manner to make sure their Deaths, is thus:
 The Bridal Bed is pitch'd on for the Scene:
 Of which possess, when fir'd with Expectation,
 The Youth transported presses to your Arms,
 Within thy Bosom let the Bridegroom meet
 A lurking Snake; and then——
 O think of *Danaus*, exert the Daughter,
 Undaunted to his Heart strike home the Dagger.
 Ha! why turn the Roses of thy Cheeks thus pale?
 Why tremble thus thy youthful Limbs?

Hyp.

Hyp. O pardon, Sir, the just Surprize you cause!
 Sure such Commands would shock the best Resolves,
 And I begin almost to doubt my Courage.
 Alas, my Lord, Nature that made me Woman,
 Compos'd my Soul of Pity all, and Love.
 How can this harmless Hand, by Passion never rais'd,
 Which never took from ought its little Life,
 Dare plunge it self at first in Blood of Man?
 Can soft Compassion start at once to Rage?
 Th' amazing Deed your Royal Will commands,
 Requires some barbarous unrelenting Heart,
 Demands the Russian's Hand, inur'd to Slaughter.
 Mine's more inclin'd to stay, than give the Blow.

Dan. 'Tis well! my Child will guard a Stranger's
 Life,

But she can bear to see her Father fall.

Hyp. My Father's Death!
 Preserve me, Heav'n, from such distracting thought.
 Yet hear me, Royal Sir.
 Since to your sacred Life thus fatal prove
 Our nuptial Bonds, the odious Bonds forbid,
 And spare me in a Part I dread to act.

Dan. Vain is all Prudence 'gainst superior Pow'r.
 Me much unwilling, to these Rites compels
 Unjust *Egyptus*—on his hapless Sons
 Th' unheeding Father brings Death immature.
 Mine, or their Lives, depend upon this Night.
 The Oracle divine, that told my Fate,
 This Caution kindly gave t' avert my Doom.
 Oh had it pleas'd the Gods by other means
 To work my Peace, by bloodless ways,
 Then might I spare the Duty of my Child,
 But 'tis not now permitted.

Hyp. Ye cruel Pow'rs!

[Weeps.

Dan. What, weep'st thou too, faint-hearted Maid!
 Restrain those Show'rs which out of season fall;
 And when thou see'st the horrid Murderer's Hand
 Stain'd

Stain'd with my Blood, thy tender Father's Blood,
Then let thine Eyes o'erflow, with conscious Soul;
Condemn thy guilty self, thou perjurd Daughter;
And then too late upbraid thy coward Spirit,
Which fear'd to save that Life which gave thee thine.

Hyp. Bear with the Weakness of a tender Maid:
The Mind that grows resolv'd by well-weigh'd Thought,
Is twice resolv'd; strange Objects, at first sight,
May give us Fears, but once familiar grown,
Pass unregarded by; so to my Mind.

The Fact which first appear'd of monstrous kind,
Bears less of Terror now; methinks 'tis just,
At least 'tis brave, to save a Father's Life.

Sure manly Virtue gains upon my Soul:
Yes, Sir, the Steel shall know its wonted Use,
The Vows I've made shall dwell upon my Mind.

I'll sacrifice this bold Intruder to my Bed,
T' acquit my self before the Gods and you.

Dan. O kind Resolve! thou'rt now my Child again.
By this so signal Act of filial Love,
Distinguish'd shalt thou shine in Realms above.
The pious Son, who bore his aged Sire,
Contemning Death, thro' Foes enrag'd, thro' Fire,
Shall stand but Second in the Lists of Fame,
Whilst all the World confess thy greater Name.

[Exit.

Hyp. What Promise then hath soap'd my heedless
Tongue?

What have I, thoughtless Maid, then sworn to act?
Can Duty sanctify the Crime of Murder?

Must I be perjurd, or else stain my Soul,
My spotless Soul, with Crimes of deeper Dye?

What hath this *Lynceus* done; that he must bleed?
Shall Justice strike, before the Guilt appears?

I know not why, but Pity in my Breast
Takes place, and pleads in Favour of this *Lynceus*,
With whom my Eye hath no Acquaintance held:

C

'Tis

'Tis Tenderness of Soul, and feels like Love.
 Ah no——my Heart, tho' here compassionate,
 Is deeply wounded by another Shaft.
 In Camps and Courts the Stranger still victorious,
 Rules absolute within my yielding Breast,
 Inspiring softest Passion, breathing Love.
 But peace, he this way comes——be still, my Heart:
 The Conqueror shall not know his Pow'r.

Enter Lynceus and Idas.

Lyn. Pardon the Freedom that a Stranger takes,
 To enquire what Cause so pressing moves the King,
 That I suspend my Voyage for one Day.
 Such Favour, Fair One, with the King you find,
 That all his Secrets lodge within your Breast.
 If I in this do not presume too far,
 Be gracious, and inform a Stranger.

Hyp. I own, my Lord, the Kindness of the King,
 Yet rarely do his Secrets reach my Ear.
 He now forms some Designs unknown to me.
 Of this I'm well assur'd, so high's the Place
 You hold in his Esteem, Respect will ask
 The Favour of your Presence one Day longer.

Lyn. No, 'tis too much I suffer by my Stay.
 Did *Hypermnestra* know the pow'rful Cause,
 That drives me from the Court, her Goodness sure
 Some Pity wou'd afford, and send me hence,
 To shun the Soil where my Misfortunes grow.

Hyp. Misfortunes to a Prince, whose Merit finds
 The Love of *Argos*, and her King's Regard!

Lyn. O! nothing can relieve th' unhappy Man,
 Whose Hope is fled; wretched indeed his Lot.
 Can ought avail against the Laws of Fate?
 All things conspire to urge on my Despair;
 The Gods, the King, perhaps too *Hypermnestra*.

Hyp. Am I, my Lord, Confederate to your Ruin?

Alas,

Alas, he knows not that my Heart's his Friend. [*Aside.*]

Lyn. Too much, I fear, your Sentiments approve
Th' obdurate Vows your Royal Father makes,
Which set all Hopes at distance infinite,
And keep the Secret smother'd in my Breast;
But 'tis in vain, I try all Arts to hide it:
Those Eyes that lighted up at first the Flame,
Add to its Strength, and make it burn more fierce.
How can I curb the Transports of my Soul,
Which at your Presence rise with double Force;
And ev'ry Dart of conqu'ring Love takes place.
Weak is the Strength of Reason, or Respect;
The Wounds he gives are deadly, and past Cure:
If Safety's to be had, 'tis found by Flight.

Hyp. Forbear, my Lord, t' insnare a Maiden's Heart
With feign'd Address, and artful Tales of Love.

Lyn. My Mind foretold, 'twas desperate to adore:
Yet, Soldier like, of Dangers grown regardless,
Presum'd to gaze on yours, as Common Eyes,
In heedless sort, and all their Pow'r defy.
But how deceitful is presuming Hope!
Soon as my Eyes beheld the lovely Object,
My Heart took fire, quick as the Light'ning strikes:
Which still 'gainst Opposition made its way.
In vain did Art essay to damp its Rage: ———
If I offend, my Fault is undesign'd;
And you that cause, shou'd pardon the Offence.
But, *Hypermnestra*, if my Love displease,
Pronounce my Death, 'tis that must quench my Flame.

Hyp. Wonder not, Sir, if such surprising Words
Give much Concern, and cause Confusion in me.
'Tis not with cold Indifference that I hear;
But Fear ties up my Tongue from all Reply
To Language unexpected, and so new.
Approve my Silence, be confirm'd in this,
The King (whose Breast's fill'd with a grateful Sense
Of such distinguish'd Worth) intreats your Stay.

Lyn. But may I, faintest, then presume to hope
Your Mind goes with the King's? Speak your Com-
mands,

And fix me ever here.

Hyp. Stay then, and grant the King his Wish.

Lyn. Yet, *Hypermaestra*—

Hyp. No more: my Duty bids me take my Leave;
I fear my Eyes are Traytors to my Heart. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Lyn. She's gone; and like the Pilot, when he sees
no Star,

Depriv'd of my directing Light, I wander lost.

Impartial is the Judgment of the Unconcern'd.

Know'st thou, my *Idas*, what Course now to steer?

Idas. See her once more, I think I'm not deceiv'd;
The silent Tongue seems of the Wooer's side.

Lyn. O flatter not the Wretched in their Pain;
Yet do, my Friend, for 'tis a pleasing Cheat.

Idas. If wrong my Thought, bid long Farewel to
Argos:

Egypt with open Arms will welcome your Return.

Lyn. O speak no more of what's not in my Pow'r:
My Tongue hath giv'n me up a fetter'd Slave,
No longer free to go, till she permits.

Idas. Suppose, my Lord, you see the King, and—

Lyn. Nought's now too hard: shall ought deter me
now?

What! Quit my Honour, and forego my Love?

'Tis not the Haze he bears to Marriage-Rites,

Not the Resolves of his too rigid Mind,

Can now divert the Purpose of my Soul.

Thus once launch'd out upon the boundless Main,

Th' advent'rous Merchant steers his 'pointed Course,

Through all the dreadful Horrors of the Deep;

Altho' to crown his Hazards, and his Toils,

His best Reward is but some sparkling Gem,

Some Eastern Spice, or Weight of glittering Oar.

What

What Dangers then shall I not dare to prove,
To gain the Prize of *Hypermnestra's* Love?
Whose balmy Breath with Eastern Spices vies,
And richest Gems show poor before her Eyes.
But outward Charms like Roses fade away,
Rise with the Morn, and vanish with the Day.
The true, the lasting Worth within we find;
Her gentle Nature, and her virtuous Mind,
Her filial Piety; These never dye,
These strike the Soul, tho' hidden from the Eye.

The End of the Second ACT.





ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Hypermnestra.

THE Sea's smooth Bosom swell'd by rising Storms,
 While Waves o'er Waves in wild Confusion roll,
 Tho' shifting Winds from different Quarters blow,
 They all conspire to interrupt the Calm.
 To me, my Breast's become a troubled Sea,
 Where Hope and Fear, where Love and Fury rule :
 And tho' from different Cause these Passions rise,
 They all by turns disturb my Calm of Mind :—
 I that was once most happy when alone,
 Where's now the Pleasure of Reflection gone?
 Vain is the boasted Privilege of the Great,
 Deny'd that Peace which Cottages enjoy :
 Ah happy, happy Swain! thy humble State
 With Grandeur ballanc'd, and by Reason weigh'd,
 The Prince wou'd Pity find, and thou be Envy's
 Mark.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Madam, a sudden Rumour flies abroad,
 That *Danaus* hastes to wed his Royal Daughters
 With Princes now from *Egypt's* Court arriv'd ;
 And ev'ry Breast, solicitous for you,

Enquires

Enquires the Prince's Name, 'whose happy Lot
Shall crown his Days with *Hypermnestra's* Charms.

Hyp. Iris, I've heard enough; too much, I fear:
But Nuptial Rites some Preparation ask.

[*Exit Hypermnestra.*]

Iris. I see my Words give Torture to her Soul,
Which for another, unsuccessful, sighs:

O that my Pity were a Balm for Love!

My tender Heart wou'd soon dissolve for her:

Poor *Hypermnestra*! But I'll divert her Thoughts,
For whilst alone, she's with her greatest Foe.

[*Exit Iris.*]

Enter Lynceus.

Lyn. Marry'd this Day! And I a Guest invited!

Too cruel *Hypermnestra*, and unkind! —

Thus fairest Fruits give deadly Poisons forth,

A Skin enamel'd hides the Serpent's Sting,

And Beauty, whilst delighting ev'ry Eye,

Conceals from us the tyrannous Heart within:

She courts my Stay, to make me feel the Rack,

To stand a Witness to another's Bliss,

To see the Maid, dear to my Soul as Life,

Give up her self to some less loving Youth,

Her heavenly Self, with Looks infusing Joy,

Whilst wretched *Lynceus* meets her scornful Eye,

A careless Glance, which darts Despair and Death,

Whilst all her Sweets —

But hush, rebellious Thoughts: my Sovereign
comes.

Enter Hypermnestra pensive, not seeing Lynceus.

Hyp. In vain I rove to find the Peace I've lost. —

The Part allotted me is very hard,

Too tragick for an Heart like mine to act;

But rigorous Duty will not be refused:
 Yet should I once more see the Stranger here,
 But once more listen to the Charmer's Voice,
 A Father's Pow'r wou'd prove, I fear, but weak,
 To force my Mind's Inclining from its Bias.
 Mistrusting thus my self, 'tis prudent Care
 Advises me to shun him.

[*Traversing the Stage she sees him.*
 Ha! Protest me Duty. [*Retiring again.*

Lyn. Oh turn, and tread not back your Steps again,
 Why should the Victor from the Vanquish'd fly?

Hyp. Affairs of Weight, my Lord, now ask my
 time,

And will allow no Conference.

Lyn. Affairs of Weight indeed such Nuptials are!
 Deal then the upright Gods thou false with Men?
 Thou that shin'st forth the finish'd Piece of Heav'n,
 Who could have thought Thee cruel and unjust?
 This Day is fixt, it seems, for *Hymen's* Rites,
 Thy bridal Day, the Part for me assign'd,
 Is to behold your Choice, 'mongst idle Lookers on:
 Was it for this the lovely Tyrant with'd my Stay?
 Your Orders are obey'd, tho' Death is in 'em.

Hyp. My Lord, the King my Father wills it thus,
 'Tis not my Choice, his Orders I pursue:
 Heav'n sees with what Reluctancy of Heart [*Aside.*
 Seek not to know what Cause hath chang'd his
 Mind,

For in the Spring, whose Surface looks so clear,
 Its Bottom founded with too curious search,
 The rising Sedement offends the Eye,
 Yet were it granted that I might explain
 This fatal Mystery, you'd less repine,
 Nor charge the Gods, nor hapless me, with Wrong.

Lyn. Oh what Relief can Earth or Heav'n
 bring?
 When thou art lost, all Joy is lost to me;

The

The DISTRESSED BRIDE 25.

The World has nothing worth, without thee:
His Bliss is perfect, who can call you his.

Hyp. Oh with not, Sir, that wretched Husband's
Loss.

'Tis he alone has Cause of just Complaint.

Lyn. Instruct me, Princess, how to read your Words:
Can he want ought the Soul of Man could wish,
That hath your Hand?

Hyp. But not my Heart. ———

O much too oft, I fear, my Eyes have told
Who 'tis reigns there: This once be bold, my
Tongue,

To speak more plain; but triumph not, my Lord,
When I declare your Power, and own my Love,
Which centres all my Wishes still in you.

Tho' adverse Fates have now decreed 'em vain:
Had Hope remain'd, I still had silent been,
But now the Flame must with this Hour expire.

Lyn. O Heav'ns,

It cannot be! Such Sounds have magick Pow'r,
Can Wonders work, and make dead Hopes revive:
Misfortunes are no more, and Fear's already fled
To take Possession of my Rival's Heart.

Hopeless, the Wretch, who stands condemn'd by you:
The King himself shall on my Part declare,
When once my Birth's explain'd, and whence I
spring.

The King, whom I defended, gave him Life.
Why boasts my Tongue? What Acts can merit here?
'Tis thou giv'st Worth, giv'st ev'ry Grace, whilst
thou,

The pow'rful Fair, approv'st me in my Love.
Such tender Words re-animate my Breast.
I'll strait go seek the King, and let him know ———

Hyp. Hold Sir, forbear; at my Entreaty stay,
If my Petition may be heard with Favour.
Take not Advantage of my weak Confession,

Nor

26 LOVE and DUTY: Or,

Nor run on Shelves, tow'rd's which Love blindly
leads:

'Tis Grief to tell you that all Hopes are vain.

Lyn. O *Hypermetra*! then it is most sure
Thou dost but feign the Passion that I feel:
How can'st thou Love, and yet deny me Hope?
'Twas Pity only spake in my Behalf,
Whilst my more favour'd Rival——
His Name I cannot learn.

Hyp. There rests no Scruple, Sir, with me to tell
What's not enjoyn'd a Secret to be kept;
He's one of King *Egyptus*' mighty Race.

Lyn. A Son of King *Egyptus*!

Hyp. *Lyncus*, I think, he's call'd.

Lyn. Blest Gods! *Lyncus*!

Affinity of Sounds may make Mistakes,
Confirm it to my Ear, repeat the Name;
But why shou'd I suppose that thou shou'd'st err?
Fain wou'd my Heart believe, tho' still it doubts:
For can it be? his real Name be *Lyncus*!

Hyp. Most certain, Sir, my Father call'd him so.
Why this Surprize? Why seems this Matter strange?
Fame gives him out a Prince of fairest Hopes.

Lyn. Praise from such Lips! well might I now be
Proud. [Aside.]

Know you this *Lyncus*, Madam?

Hyp. Only his Name, to me unknown's his Person,
But him the King approves to be my Lord.
His Royal Brothers too my Sisters wed,
And this th' appointed Day for the Solemnities.

Lyn. Do I not dream?

'Tis Fancy sure that plays upon my Sense,
And all's the working of a Love-sick Brain.
I heard, or thought I heard, fair *Hypermetra* call
Lyncus her Lord; if then such Sounds were heard,
Break forth my Soul in most exalted Joy,
Exert each moving Passion in his Cause.

In

The DISTRESS'D BRIDE. 27

In his Behalf my little Interest joins,
For him alone your Favour I implore;
Spread o'er your Face a gracious tender Smile,
And meet your Lover with an equal Flame.

Hyp. What Meaning shall I give this wild Discourse?

For such transporting Joy, what Cause assign?
'Tis Madness thus to plead your Rival's Right.

Lyn. Peace to my Breast, my Rival is no more;
In me that happy *Lyncæus* you behold,
The Prince whom you unknowing bless.

Hyp. You *Lyncæus*, Sir? What do I hear, ye Gods?
And King *Egyptus*' Son?

Lyn. Of him the favour'd Son.

Hyp. What Pleasure! — Oh what Horror strikes
my Soul!

My Tongue speaks Duty, but my Heart speaks Love.

[*Aside.*

But can it be, my Lord? You are not he;
I'll not believe 't; there is some other *Lyncæus*. —

Ah me! 'Tis true; my Fears confirm his Words,
Where's now my boasted Resolution gone? [*Aside.*

Lyn. Thy Words wou'd seem to wish me from my
self:

Is such the Language of desiring Love?

Too timorous Maid, dissolve on my warm Breast

The chilling Snow that hangs upon thy Bosom:

O speak, and damp not with thy Looks my Joy:

Well-pleas'd Content fits not upon thy Brow,

But in its place amaz'd Confusion's seen:

Thy Blood forsakes thy Check: is not my Fair one
well?

Why this, my Love? Why this unkind Reserve?

Unburthen all thy Soul within my Breast.

Hyp. *Lyncæus* hath all my Love, but Grief's my own.

Lyn. Admit not, at such time, th' unwelcome Guest.

Could ought afflict me now?

Hyp. Sup-

21 *Love and Duty*

Hyp. Suppose, my Lord, the loss of me?

Lyn. There's Madness in that Thought.

Hyp. Well might I then start wild with Grief,
To think upon thy Fate, the Manner too. *[Aside.]*

Lyn. No more of this, my Love:
Behold the King, pleas'd with his generous Act,
Hastens himself the Messenger of Joy.

Hyp. Fatal I fear the Joy he brings. *[Aside.]*

Enter Danaus.

Dan. Suffer me, Sir, to take a Friend's Embrace,
And bid brave *Lyneus* welcome to our Court.

Hyp. Most false the Breasts of Men! treacherous
Embrace,
Which seems to cherish him he means to slay. *[Aside.]*

Dan. Trust me, my Lord, you wear Disguise too
long:

Your Brothers are arriv'd to make you known,
And shew you to be Son of Great *Egyptus*.
If we have been wanting in our just Regards,
Concealment bears the Fault, you're self-condemn'd,
The Honours that we paid, were Virtue's due,
Respect unto your Royal Blood omitted,
But wherefore shou'd you hide your self from us,
Who stand so deep indebted to your Worth?

Lyn. That I conceal'd my Family and Name,
Impute it to a Fault, whose Author's Love.
I was inform'd, my Lord, that your Designs,
But 'twas the Error of Report,
I'll labour not to justify my self,
If now, being known, you hold me worth the Ho-

nor.
Permit, Great Sir, my Blood to mix with yours,
Favour my Soul's Ambition, call me Son:
My Tongue may seem to tell my Heart's desire:
The Object near, my Eyes themselves will speak it.

Dan. Yes

Dan. Yes Sir, my darling *Hypermetra* shall be yours:

The King, in special Favour to your Son,
Asks her from all the rest as Wife for *Lynceus*.
Your Brothers with my other Daughters wed,
Thus many Ties shall make Alliance stronger.
Egyptus too with so intent a Mind
This Union seeks, that held but in suspense
In his Request, he takes it as deny'd:
And Love impatient to enjoy its Object,
Warm in Pursuit, is tortur'd by Delay.
This Day shall therefore give at once Content
To King *Egyptus*, and his Sons Desires.

Lyn. My Prayers are heard, and Heav'n compleats my Joy.

Suffer me, Sir, from *Hypermetra's* Mouth
To wait the Confirmation of my Bliss.

Dan. To obey her Father, is my Daughter's Choice,
She forms her Mind according to my Will,
And still approves as best, what I desire.
Go then, my worthy Son, your Brothers joyn:
Our self and Daughters all will strait prepare,
To meet you at *Apollo's* sacred Altar,
And *Hymen* with his Songs shall crown the Day.

[Exit *Lynceus*.]

Kind Heav'n first mark'd me out the Way that leads
To Safety's Seat, and now it's within reach;
Within my Pow'r the Enemy's confin'd,
But thine shall be the Honour in their Fate.
Lynceus, thy Victim, deck'd in all his Pride,
Shall gayly march to dye beneath thy Hand.
I have no doubt my Priestess is prepar'd,
To offer up, with the most fervent Zeal,
A Sacrifice so grateful to the Gods and me.

Hyp. Are then distracting Horrors the Preface,
That this black Deed will pleasing be to Heav'n?
For, otherwise my startled Soul divine,

Whilst

30 *Love and Duty: Or,*

Whilst glaring Spectres glide before my Sight;
My Footsteps bloody Track pursuing me for Guilt,
My Reasoning's lost in fear, and cannot help me—
My Royal Father, or poor *Lynceus* murder'd!
The Voice of Nature bids me save my Father,
Yet is there no way left, unless ——

I cannot name it. ——

O Sir, against your Enemies I swore,
And Godlike *Lynceus* stands not in their Rank.
Lynceus, who sav'd, will ne'er invade your Life.

Dan. Then unresolv'd I find thou'rt at a loss,
What Part to take—— Cou'd Thought conceive,
That *Hypermetra*, dear to me as Life,
She ev'n to Dotage lov'd; that she shou'd doubt,
Whether her Duty 'twere to save her Father!

Hyp. In doubt to save my tender Father's Life!
Oh no! tho' Pity's grafted in my Nature,
Give Place, soft Passion, to a pious Rage;
Be warm a while, my Heart, with martial Fire,
To raise my Courage equal to thy Danger; ——
Heav'n has my Vows, my Father's Foe shall dye,
And all his Virtues shall not save him.

Dan. 'Tis Virtue's Counterfeit this *Lynceus* wears;
The Friend appears, the Enemy's conceal'd,
That unsuspected, at more proper time,
He might assault that Life he once preserv'd;
And with more ease ascend the Throne of *Argos*.
His Brothers too combine in the Design,
But in thy Hand secure I place my Guard.
Here, take the well-prov'd Steel—you know the rest,
Your Sisters too must wear the friendly Weapon.

[*Gives a Dagger, and Exit.*]

Hyp. It cannot be! my Heart unsays my Words,
The God of Love hath ta'en Possession there,
And reigns Lord absolute of all within;
In vain my Hands bear Daggers, and bear Death,
Whilst on my *Lynceus'* side Love arms my Heart

With

The DISTRESS'D BRIDE. 31

With saving Tenderness, and healing Sighs. —

This Instrument of Death affrights my touch,

[Looking on the Dagger.]

I feebly hold it with a trembling Hand;
And Strength is wanting for its cruel use,
Tho' Duty to a Father, and a King requires it.
Had mighty Love me with this Weapon arm'd,
With manly Force I'd grasp'd the polish'd Steel,

Nor shrunk at Danger of the approaching Foe,
But with this Hand undaunted struck the Blow.
The Effects of pow'rful Love mysterious are :
By turns Love Courage gives, by turns gives Fear.

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lynceus and Idas.

Idas. **T**HO' dark the Morn, how glorious clos'd
the Day!

The fighting Lover smiles a Bridegroom now.

'Tis done, the great Solemnity's perform'd;

Hymen in all his Pomp presid'd there:

And when the aged Seer conjoyn'd your Hands,

The rising Joy that overspread your Looks

Was caught by mine, and made me share the Bliss.

Long Happiness attend the holy work.

Lyn. O Friend, whose Breast is skill'd with dou-
ble Art,

My Joys to give me twice, and share my Sorrows,

How shall I speak? what equal Words can tell

The full Content that now dilates my Soul?

In the long train of Ages hence to come,

May thro' each circling Year, this happy Day

With a distinguish'd Lustre glorious shine:

Let Grief be hush'd, nor Sorrow's Voice be heard,

On this blest Day let ev'ry Wretch be happy.

The shackled Slave shall taste of Liberty,

This joyful Day, which gives into my Arms,

Heav'n's choicest Gift, gives *Hypermetra*.

The Gods protect the Royal Donor.

Idas. I find, my Lord, you noted not the King.

Lyn.

The DISTRESS'D BRIDE. 33

Lyn. *Idas*, I nothing mark'd ; the pompous Rites,
And all the gaudy show past unobserv'd,
My lovely Bride alone engross'd me all ;
Th' Attention of my Soul was bent on her.

Idas. As the Procession mov'd in solemn State,
The King a Smile forc'd on his downcast Face,
Whilst Anger seem'd to threaten on his Brow.
He look'd as doth the Sun that faintly shines
Thro' stormy Clouds ; and when the mystick Priest
Requir'd him to present the bashful Bride,
His trembling Hand seem'd backward in its Office,
And with an inward Voice he mutter'd his consent.
His strange Deportment drew each Eye upon him.

Lyn. O 'twas the Tenderness of fond old Age,
Unwilling to admit a Sharer in her Love ;
My grateful Heart shall make him large amends,
And rival his lov'd Daughter in her Duty.

[Trumpets sound within.]

But hark ! my *Idas*, hear, the revelling Bridegrooms
Grow loud in Mirth ; let's not too long be absent.

[Exe.]

Enter Hypermnestra.

Hyp. The fatal Hour draws on, that calls me forth,
To unexampled Proof of rigid Duty.
Ye Pow'rs supreme, who know my feeble Part,
Lend your Assistance all on Nature's side,
Contending Passions in their height to quell,
And for a while let Rage possess me all.
But whither does my hateful purpose tend ?
Reflect, my Thoughts, upon th' illustrious Victim,
Lyceus ! my Lord ! my Life ! my Love ! my All !
Perfidious Heart, to tie the faithful Youth
In Marriage Bonds, for Sacrifice secure ;
Perfidious Heart, bestowing fancy'd Joys,
To make his Pain more exquisitely sharp.

D

What !

34 LOVE and DUTY: Or,

What! when his Soul conceals me most his own,
In Raptures high, and breathing nought but Love,
The charming Youth hangs over me maim'd;
Can I then plunge a Dagger in his Breast,
And cruelly reward such Tonderness with Death?
Ah me! my Heart relents: thou shalt not dye!
No, *Lynceus*, no, Lord of my Heart's desires,
Tho' angry Duty chide, thou shalt not dye.
Heav'n's! shall I see my Father then expire?
Instead of blessing, hear his dying Voice
Upbraiding me with Treason, and his Death,
Imploring Curses on my perjur'd Head.
O cruel Duty! oh unhappy Love!

Where Ills are so extream, no Choice is there:
Where neither Way leads right, I needs must err.
[Exit.]

Enter Danatus and Arcas.

Dan. The Jovial Bridegrooms then made large
Carouse?

Arc. The flowing Bowl unwearied went its round,
And never-ceasing Mirth kept equal Pace.
With Roses crown'd, and sleek with odorous Nard,
Great *Bacchus* proudly triumph'd in each Cheek:
Fill'd with his spritely Juice their Blood ran high,
All gay and joyous, meaning nought but Pleasure.
Prepar'd and eager for the amorous Conflict,
They sought the genial Bed!

Dan. But ne'er must taste its Joys.
Death's Iron Arms, not those of gentle Love,
Shall close embrace 'em; fill'd with Lust and Wine,
In all their gallant State, with Garlands crown'd,
They'll fall meet Victims to th' incensed Gods,
But mark'd you *Lynceus* 'mongst th' exulting Sons?

Arc.

THE DISTRESS'D BRIDE.

35

Arc. Most nearly, Sir; his Heart was more elate,
Above the rest with double Fires he glow'd.

Dan. There is no cause, yet he alone disturbs me,
My Thoughts bespeak me safe in *Hypermetra* :
Yet when I gave her up before the Gods,
A Voice, no doubt Divine, alarm'd mine Ear,
Charg'd me *Beware the Oracle* :
'Twas silent when I offer'd all the rest.

Arc. *Lycus* is brave, 'tis true; well temper'd in his
Fire;

But unsuspected Dangers, and conceal'd,
Furnish no cause to call his Valour forth.

Dan. However, *Arcas*, when our Life's at Stake;
Our Care shou'd equal the important Cause;
See therefore ev'ry Portal doubly mann'd,
And guard each Avenue with strictest watch;
'Tis time you give the Orders out.

Arc. My Prince's Life demands my utmost Care.

[Exit.]

Dan. The Noon of Night is past, and gentle Sleep,
Which friendly waits upon the labour'd Hind,
Flies from th' Embraces of a Monarch's Arms.
The Mind disturb'd, denies the Body rest.
Of all the Evils that attend Mankind,
Spite of Philosophy, the worst is Death;
Or wherefore does our Nature fear it most? [Pauses.]

But hark, methought I heard a deep-fetch'd Groan.

'Tis so: the dying Tone salutes my Ear:!

I find my Daughters then do love us well,

And are observant of the Gods and me.

What! still more mortal Sounds! O bravely fought!

[Groans heard.]

Victorious Brides, strike home, repeat the blow,

Down, down, ye cursed Threatners of my Life!

Ha! Protect me, all ye Gods! what is't I see?

What bloody Fantoms fly before my sight?

My Head whirls round! lo hideous gapes the Earth!

Th' infernal Regions open to my view!

D 2

There

There rolls the Stone! there endless turns the Wheel!
There gnaws the Vulture!

Be glad, my Heart; already are arriv'd
The hasty Bridegrooms; mark, how fleet they
glide,

And skreen themselves behind yon dusky Grove.

But *Lynceus* scap'd my view: I'll stay and watch,
He'll sure be here anon—but all is vanish'd!

What *Arcas*! ho *Arcas*! [Runs off affrighted.

Enter Hypermnestra with a Tape in her Hand.

Hyp. At length my Prince, th' endearing Youth,
is gone.

Lend him thy Wings, O Love, to waft him hence;
And Night, thou Friend of Love, make safe his
flight:

Now put thy thickest Robes of Darkness on,
That the Pursuers Foot may stumble oft,

And wander from the Path my *Lynceus* treads:

But for his use dart forth thy brightest Stars,

To light him safely on his dangerous way.

Let him but scape, I'll meet my Father's Rage,

Contented bear the Violence of his Storm;

The Action rightly weigh'd might challenge Praise;

I'll save him from a Crime he shou'd abhor.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Remorseless, cruel Brides! amazing Horror!
My aking Eyes still hold the ghastly sight!

Hyp. O speak,

Relieve me from the fright your Looks create.

Saw you my *Lynceus*, my dearest Lord?

Ah, slain I fear, by the opposing Guards!

Why hesitates thy Tongue to send me to him.

Iris.

The DISTRESS'D BRIDE. 37

Iris. What gaping Wounds, and wreaking Streams
of Blood!

The Tyrant Death triumphs throughout the
Court,

Each Bridal Bed bears Witness of his Pow'r.

Thy blood-stain'd Sisters, false to their plighted Faith,
Have all their Husbands foully murder'd!

Horrid the Slaughter from the Fury's Hands:

Not one has Mercy found.

Hyp. Too well, alas, the rigid King's obey'd!

Enough of Blood is shed to sate his Soul:

Not Cruelty it self wou'd thirst for more:

Oh, he'll be Good, and give me my dear Lord.

Iris. Then *Lynceus*, Madam, lives!

I fear'd Obedience too had made you guilty:

May Heav'n reward your purer Love.

But say how you preserv'd the worthy Prince.

Hyp. Long was the doubtful struggle in my Breast,

E'er Love o'er long-fix'd Duty cou'd prevail.

One while the Daughter, then the Wife took place,

And once how near was the Approach of Death!

The Tyrant smil'd, as tho' his work were done:

One little Moment, how was my barbarous Hand!

I tremble to behold the threatening Posture.

Iris. At such a time cou'd Pity quit thy Breast!

Cou'd Love be absent from so fair a Seat?

Hyp. Never was Wedding-night like this,

Dismal and full of Terrors.

Howlings and Yells, with Croak of Birds ill-omen'd;

To them succeeded Sounds more direful:

Deep piercing Groans, which Nature dying gave.

How did my Soul receive the doleful Notice,

That my bold Sisters had perform'd their Part,

Whilst I remain'd a Coward to my Duty;

Which to enforce, I call'd to mind my Oaths,

The Dangers threat'ning, and foretold to fall

On Royal *Danaus*, thou'd *Lynceus* see the Day.
 My Fancy too, disturb'd, brought to my view
 My Father's Form with thousand Wounds defac'd
 Horrible to Sight, with Visage terrible.
 Th' upbraiding Phantom rous'd me from my Pillow;
 (Whilst the sweet Youth by Sleep lay bound for
 Slaughter):

The murdering Ponyard strait my Hand underneath'd,
 His Breast made bare, and open to the Stroke;
 Ah cruel me! forgive me, *Lynceus*;
 Thrice was my Arm stretch'd out to pierce thy
 Heart,

And thrice the God of Love forbad the Blow:
 When smiling, in a Dream, the lovely Boy
 Inclos'd with his my armed Hand, and to his Breast
 The deadly Point too nearly brought: I shriek'd,
 And sprung from the kind dangerous Embrace.
 As my affrighted Voice he wak'd,

Iris. Amazing his Surprise, to see your gentle Hand
 So arm'd for Death.

Hyp. Straight I explain'd the ill-designed Cause,
 Charg'd him to fly, from *Argos* far to fly.
 He ask'd a thousand Questions in a Breath.
 Th' approaching Day allow'd no time for Answer;
 I only prest his Flight.

Flight ignominious, worse than Death, he cry'd.
 Far more inclin'd to part with Life than me,
 He kiss'd, embrac'd, and bid me kind Farewel:
 But too engaging Fondness wou'd not let him part.
 Again he kiss'd, embrac'd, again he bid Farewel.
 In vain he bid Farewel, still on my Eyes he hung.
 Hark, *Lynceus*, hark, I cry'd, I hear the Murderer's
 tread;

Half dead with Fear, not for my self, but him.
 Then Arm in Arm I to the Door convey'd him:
 He chid me as unkind, and led me back,
 O'erwhelm'd with Tears, which told him Death was
 near. He

He kiss'd the falling Drops, and they prevail'd;
Unwillingly he fled, and left his Heart behind.

Iris. Protect him, all ye guardian Deities,
Restore the Prince, restore him to his Bride.
'Tis Virtue's Cause, assert it as your own.
But see, the King with youthful Gait appears;
How pleas'd his Look! how open, and how free!
The Night that added to, hath taken from his Years.
But when he, undetected, by Proof shall find,
That *Hypermetra's* false, and *Lyncæus* fled,
How will you bear the Terror of his Frown!
How meet his Anger, raging, disappointed!
Hyp. With Innocence I stand so strongly arm'd,
My Mind's secure 'gainst Fear.

Enter Demetrius and Arcas.

Dem. Oh let me fly, and hold in dear Embrace
My *Hypermetra*, Guardian of my Years;
My Age's Blessing, and my Throne's Support.
Thro' thee at ease my Mind delighted sees
Her great Revenge compleat; the Head-strong
Youths
Are justly fallen in their black Designs.
Thy Sisters all, bravely led on by thee,
Have made a grateful Offering to the Gods.
The Blood of the warm Bridegrooms steams to
Heav'n;
And with their breathless Trunks have joy'd our Eyes.
Kings are the Care of Heav'n; in their Defence,
Cowards forget to fear, and timorous Maids
Dare boldly draw the Sword, and act the Warrior.
But Child, there hangs a Cloud upon thy Face,
Which seems to show of Grief more Sign than Joy;
And in your Eye Tears float, by Force restrain'd:
O speak the Cause; I feel my Fears return.

Hyp. Sir, the Disturbers of your Peace disaile;

Or

40 LOVE and DUTY: Or,

Or is there any further cruel Proof,
They'd set me on; if you're not yet secure,
What wou'd my Father more?

Dan. Delay not, *Hypermetra*, to remove my
Doubts;

Expose thy *Lynceus* to my longing Eyes:
Ravish my Sight; shew him amongst the Slain.
My Heart! She weeps to hear but of his Death:
She meets my Flood of Joy with Floods of Tears.
Not so her Sisters.

I'm then betray'd, a Son-in-Law's alive;
There is no with'd-for Sign of Blood upon her.

Hyp. I have told you, Sir, you have no Cause for
Fear;

Lynceus is banish'd; and my Father's safe:
As well by Flight, as by his Death secure.
Your Safety by his Blood had I procur'd,
The Cause of your Complaint had been more just.

Dan. And dost thou (false one) basely thus patch
up

Thy Breach of Vows? dare to defend thy
Crimes?

But I delay. *Arcas*, I know thy Zeal;
Haste and pursue the guilty flying *Lynceus*;
Drag him in Chains unto the Bar of Justice.
Before my Face (least twice deceiv'd) he dies. [*Ex. Arcas.*]

Hyp. Oh Sir, recall your Orders, too severe;
Not for his Guilt, your Anger makes him fly.
Suppos'd design'd, how vain were the Attempts
Of one, a Stranger, naked, without Numbers.
What Danger, Sir?

Dan. Yes, thou dost well to speak in his Defence.
'Twill much avail him, that a perjur'd Wretch
Shall plead his Cause, against whose Life,
Before the Gods, and in a Father's Right,
She swore.

Hyp. I promis'd, Sir, 'tis true, to slay your Foe;
And

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And when I vow'd his Death, it then seem'd just.
 But wherefore made you him my wedded Lord?
 His Power became superior to your own.
 Duty's a Father's Right; greater's a Husband's Due:
 He claims our Duty join'd with tend'rest Love.
 Cou'd I then hate, where all my Love was owing?
 Against your Rage, on Husband I defend;
 And, shift the Parts, I stand my Father's Guard,
 Against the Fury of an Husband's Arm.
 The most Oppress'd, are most my Care.

Dan. Woman, speak plain, for once assert the Truth.

Confess, thou basely lov'd'st this *Lyncus*.

Hyp. Ah, say not basely, Sir; our Flame was the most pure.

No unbecoming Blush shall shame my Cheek,
 To avow my Love, where Virtue sits enthron'd.
 What you impute Reproach, bears Honour's Stamp,
 Which thy Imperial Pow'r shall ne'er deface,
 Tho' threat'ning Death in its most ghastly Form:
 Ev'n then I'll smile triumphant in my Fate.

Dan. So brave!

Yes, treacherous Wretch, the Gods require thy Blood,
 Of which I'll make 'em just Oblation.

Hyp. It matters not, I'll bear the torturing Wheel,
 Distort each Limb; but hear me, Sir, let *Lyncus*——

Dan. No more, I'll hear no more, be gone,
 Already art thou hateful to my Sight;
 Thy Sisters now have all thy Part in *Danaus*. [Exit.]

Hyp. Most dearly purchas'd, where Blood pays the Price.

More welcome Hate, so *Lyncus* cheer my Hours,
 Than Love that's bought with his more valu'd Life.
 Whilst such the Terms, most willing I resign
 A Daughter's Portion in a Father's Love.
 O-share my Part, ye Daughters of the King:
 No longer shall ye bear a Sister's Name;

Whose

42 *Love and Duty DrAT*

Whose Hearts no more Relation hold to mine;
 Than melting Snow to never-yielding Flint;
 Go, boast Observance of an impious Oath,
 Whose just Infringement fair Applause shall crown;
 Whilst Scurv's Hand in blackest Colours paints,
 And Infamy records your turfed Deed.
 To latest Times you'll stand the Mark of Scorn;
 Whilst satirical Songs my Memory shall adorn:
 O 'tis most Glorious thus to be forsworn.

The End of the Fourth ACT.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE the Street.

Enter Lynceus and Idas.

Lyn. LESS painful is the Soldier's gelling March,
 Than this our Toil: I'll wader thus no
 further:

The Gods, 'tis said, do guard the Innocent,
 And yet our Safety seems not worth their Care.

Idas. Despair's, my Lord, the worst of Foes.

Lyn. 'Twere vain to hope; beset on ev'ry side,
 From Gate to Gate our wearied Steps we turn,
 Each Watch, each Guard, each Passage most obscure
 We've try'd in vain, no way to us is open:

Idas. Suppose once more I found the Guards,
 Can pow'rful tempting Gold be barr'd a Passage?

Lyn. If through th' all-ferching Dark we could not
 scape,

How can we shun the Sun's all-seeing Eye?
 Where'er we go, Suspicion will pursue us:
 What Labyrinths must we run, still dogg'd with Fears?
 Yet surely Innocence should be without 'em;
 I'll sculk no longer like the branded Villain,
 But with a guiltless Brow confront the Tyrant:
 More dear to me is Honour, than my Life.

Enter.

44 *Love and Duty: Or,*

Enter a Soldier observing Lynceus.

Sol. It is the Prince, the generous Prince,
Whose gracious Eye took note of me in Battle,
Show'd me to the King, and from the lowest Rank
Rais'd me to my Post; shall now the Price,
The mighty Price that's set upon his Head,
Induce me vilely to betray my Patron?
So base an Act my honest Heart disdains,
What would I not rather dare to save him!

Lyn. This Soldier seems to know us, his Face too
I remember well, What would you, Friend?

Sol. Sir, I'm in your Debt, and——

Lyn. It is forgotten.

Sol. But never will by me, my Lord.
To you I owe the Honours I now wear,
Which foul Ingratitude shall never soil.

Lyn. I think the gallant Man, that by my side
Behav'd so well in the last Action.

Sol. Your Goodness, Sir, approv'd me in that Ser-
vice;

Thence my Preferment rose; your great Distress,
My Lord, I know; hard is the King's Pursuit,
Urg'd on by large Reward, to take your Person.
What lies within my Power to help your Flight,
You may command——

Lyn. Soldier, I dare believe thee.
What is't you advise? for we are at a loss.

Sol. Strict is the Watch, and double is the Guard;
Yet through the Postern, at the Eastern Tow'r,
I hope to gain a Passage at that Post;
The Officer who now does Duty there,
My old Companion, ev'n from boyish Sports,
I'll try his Friendship; and yet——

Lyn. Doubts and Delays make Danger certain.
Lead on. Your Presence, Sir, will make us way.

Sol.

Sol. Orders so strict were ne'er enjoin'd before.
Each Man that Passage seeks at either Gate,
Is question'd of his Business, where, and whence.
Your Person, and your Features so describ'd,
A Stranger at first sight might know you, Sir;
Nay, as 'tis said, so wrathful is the King,
By cruel Torture he'll compel the Princess,
To shew where you're conceal'd, or which way fled:
But we'll away, my Lord, before the Guard's reliev'd.

Lyn. My *Hypermetra* tortur'd! say'd'st thou not so?

Sol. Thus runs Report, my Lord.

Lyn. Her tender Limbs endure the cursed Rack!
Th' unnatural Tyrant! it must not, shall not be.

Sol. Sir, we lose Time; the Crowd begins to swarm.

Lyn. It matters not——

Sol. Come, Sir, the Way's not long, a short Hour's Walk:

This Street directs us to the Gate.

Lyn. *Idas*, I cannot go——

Should I contrive to scape, and leave my Love

In Agonies, beneath a Villain's Hand,

I were a Villain too——

Soldier, your News hath turn'd my Thoughts from Flight.

I'll back to Court, thy Prisoner by Consent,

'Twill give thee a Reward, and that will please me:

The rest I leave to Fate.

Sol. O fly the King, (my Lord) or Death is certain.
Might I advise——

Lyn. No more: I'm fix'd.

Sol. This way conducts to Safety, that to Death.

Lyn. To *Hypermetra* too—— [Going out.]

SCENE.

SCENE II. A Royal Apartment.

Enter Danaus.

Whilst *Lycus* lives, my Mind enjoys no Peace,
Suppose him ta'en, which way to give him Death?
Unquestionable I know the Acts of Kings,
Yet Policy directs to satisfy the Crowd;
And sometimes show 'em, wherefore we do thus.
A firm Report shall therefore give it out,
That King *Egyptus* and his Sons combin'd
Against my Life, and fell in their Attempt;
Then on a publick Stage, *Lycus*, led forth to Death,
Will evidence my Justice, palliate all my Fears;
It shall be so——

Enter Arcas and Iphis.

Iphis, pursue these Orders——

[Gives a Paper, and Ex. *Iphis*.]

Arcas, what Tidings bring'st thou of the Traytor?

Arc. As yet he lurks conceal'd, my Lord;
No Eye has glanc'd upon him.

Dan. Our Message to my Daughter, (once she was
so)

I mean the Traytor's Wife, accursed Name!

What Answer met it?

Arc. I would discover none, no Light's from
thence.

Dan. Sets she at nought our just Resentment?

Perverse and obstinate——

Arc. She pleads his Innocence, and her own;
And altho' threaten'd with the Force of Torture,
The Pains acute each Limb, each Nerve should feel,
If she persisted obstinately mute,
Regardless of my Threats, unmov'd, she smil'd,

And

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And pray'd the Gods to save him.

Dan. Command her here without delay :

A Moment may prove fatal.

Arc. She waits your Pleasure.

[*Ex. Arcas.*

[*The King walking in Passion.*

Dan. And shall a Girl thus mock my Wrath?

Our Life at Hazard, Mercy's then a Folly.

Enter Hypermnestra and Arcas.

Arcas, provide for instant Execution.

[*Ex. Arcas.*

Hyp. My trembling Heart forebodes the worst—

[*Aside.*

May I enquire, my Lord, and not offend,
Who is th' unhappy Wretch that's doom'd to die?

Dan. Thy self, the treacherous Wife of *Lyncus*.

Hyp. Give me my Right, and say the faithful Wife,
A Title I more pride in than my Birth.

Dan. Thou abject Wretch, 'twere criminal to
spare thee.

Hyp. Add but my Years, ye Gods, which Nature
meant me,

To my dear Husband's Life, and I'm content :
My Fear's for him alone.

Dan. 'Tis guilty Fear, and makes thee share his
Treason:

No wonder then the Traytor's no where found :
She that desires him safe, would make him so.

Hyp. Grant me that Power, sweet Heav'n, I ask
no more.

Dan. Audacious Rebel ! this to my Face,
With so assur'd a Front? I'll bear no longer.

[*Shaking her Arm.*

Instantly point out the Villain's Hiding-place,
Or be for ever silent—

[*Threatning with his Sword.*

Hyp. Royal Sir, I know no Villain.

Dan.

Dan. Then understand me, *Lynceus*.

Hyp. My Lord——

Lyn. &c. [*at the Door*] Our coming was well tim'd——
[*Aside.*]

Dan. No pause, nor dare to meditate a Falsehood,

Hyp. To *Lynceus*, Sir, my plighted Faith is giv'n,
He is my loving and beloved Lord.

To his Concealment I'm a Stranger, Sir :

Yet were the Secret trusted to my Breast,
Most sure 'twere safely lodg'd.

Dan. Then thus I'll search to find it.

[*Offering to stab her, when enter Lynceus, seizes his
Sword, disarms him, and offers to kill him.*]

Lyn. Barbarian, hold! I'll not expostulate.

Hyp. My dearest Lord! O stop thy Violence,
Withdraw thy Hand, or thro' me give the Blow——
[*Placing her self before the King.*]

Lyn. Forbear, my Love; would'st thou defend thy
Murderer?

It is too much, he merits not such Goodness.

Hyp. *Lynceus*, he is my Father.

Lyn. Thou gav'st her Life, and she shall give thee
thine. [*Casting away the Sword, embraces her.*]

Thy Piety disarms me.

Dan. Guards there——

Enter Guards, with them Arcas.

Secure the Traytor, make safe the Villain.

Lyn. 'Tis thus he thanks thy Goodness.

O for the Sword again!

Hyp. Injure not Virtue, Sir, with Calumny,
Which Fear unmanly dictates. Behold him well !

O *Danaus*, view him with impartial Eyes,
Your Fears will vanish, and your Heart acquit him.
Should Innocence appear, she'd put on Looks like his;
See, Sir, serene his Aspect, and his Front erect,
The Sternness of your Eye affrights not him.

Just

Just Gods ! did Guilt e'er look so lovely ?

Dan. Peace, doting Fool ; by thee he's seen
Thro' Love's false Opticks, discerning still amiss ;
But 'tis the full Perfection of his Guilt,
Which whilst it represents sweet Virtue's Face,
Conceals a base corrupted Traytor's Heart.—
The Hand of Justice then hath reach'd you, Sir,

[To Lynceus.

And Treach'ry now shall meet its due Reward.

Lyn. Thus impious Men prophane the Name of
Justice.

Thou wretched Prince, whom desperate Fear makes
bold,

The Law of Nations thus to violate,
Thou Coward Tyrant, murdering in the Dark ;
My Brothers Blood, in barbarous manner shed,
Informs me of the Fate I must expect :
But I demand to know, where lyes my guilt ?
Who my Accusers ? what th' objected Crimes ?
Is Power subjected to thy lawless Will,
A Minister subservient to thy Passions,
Without restraint of Reason, or of Justice ?
Is this the Right Divine that Kings may claim ?
Accurs'd that Soul, which represents the Gods
Thus cruel as its self——

Dare to give forth the Cause of this procedure ?

Dan. Dare treacherous *Lynceus* ask the Cause ?

Lyn. Th' ungrateful Tyrant !

With hazard of my own, I sav'd thy Life ;
Thy Crown, and Honour too, are traiterous Gifts ;
Are these my Crimes ?

Dan. Cogent the Motives are, which influence my
Will.

The upright Gods thou chargest with Injustice ;
The Voice of Heav'n has doom'd thee, which de-
clares,

If *Lynceus* lives, then *Danaus* dyes.

10 LOVE and DUTY; Or,

Preserving of our self, is Cause sufficient:
Take hence your Prisoner, Guards——

[Guards approach to seize him.

Yet hold awhile ——

[Hyper. prevents Arcas laying hold of him.

We'll condescend to let you know yet farther,
Thy ill-plac'd Love hath wrought thee these Misfor-
tunes.

Through thee thy Brothers fell; for into Greece
Thy Follies led their Youth, on base Designs,
To rob me of my Daughters, and my Crown;
Whilst thou betray'dst the fondness of my Years,
By artful Love her true Affections stole,
Who now with thee confederates against me.

Lyn. Danaus, if Love's my Crime, then take my
Life;

Without Evasion I confess such Guilt,
Which makes me for my *Hypermeestra* dye;
But let not Madness overturn thy Sense,
Forbear to wound your self in your own Off-spring:
Though cruel, Sir, remember you are Man,
Let Nature's Voice be heard, and *Hypermeestra* spare.

Hyp. O hear him now; give *Lyncus* but his Life,
Let but thy ruling Hand direct the Steel,
For him design'd, against my Breast,
I still will call you Father, think you kind.

Dan. What, to divide such Loves! 'twere Ty-
ranny.

Vain Fools, you but accelerate your Fate,
See, *Arcas*, th' Instruments of Death prepar'd,
And then conduct him to the Palace Gate.

Arc. Nought's wanting but th' Offender's Rec-
sence.

Dan. Then take him to your Charge, and give him
Death.

Lyn. O Danaus, permit one last Embrace.

[Embracing.
Dan.

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Dan. Pursue your Orders, and dispatch the Traytor.

Lyn. O *Hypermetra*! Thus to be torn from Thee
[Parted by the Guards.

Gives sharpest Death, with Thee I part with Life!
The Tyrant now may sheath his uselefs Sword.

Dan. Slaves, wherefore this Delay! Speak I in vain?

Lyn. Heav'ns keep my Love; ——— O those Tears
give Torture ——— [Hyp. weeping.

Thou faithful Wife, farewell ———

[Ex. *Lyn.* led out by Guards.

Hyp. O stay, ye guilty Ministers of Fate,
And take me with my Lord, ye cruel Guards ———
Alas, I wrong the Men; they're but the Sword,
Which hurts not of it self; he 'tis that slays,
He who directs its use; O 'tis my Father!
But wherefore do I use th' endearing Name?
Make haste, hard-hearted King, nor spare thy Daughter,

Thy Cruelty still asks one Victim more;
Compleat thy glorious Work in *Hypermetra*,
Or never-ceasing Fears shall haunt thy Soul.
If higher Powers my Husband have decreed
The Author of thy Death, by Marriage Rites
Those Powers have made us one, in me he lives,
Lyncus behold in me, beware thy Life,
I like my Sisters know to use the Dagger.

Dan. No, some new Pain devis'd shalt wake thy
Sense,

Thy Punishment shall linger Life away;
And to impress the Terror of thy Crimes
Upon thy harden'd and rebellious Mind,
Constrain'd, thou shalt behold thy *Lyncus* dead;
Thence judge the Vengeance due unto thy blacker
Guilt ———

[Sicut.

But heark, the People shout t' express their Joy
That I am safe, the Traytor brought to Death.

Hyp. Ungrateful barbarous Men!

Death, tho' of Criminals, should ne'er cause Sport;
And can ye shout, when your Deliverer falls?
When Virtue bleeds? 'Tis monstrous wicked Mirth.

Dan. See *Iphis* hastens to confirm my Words——

Enter Iphis.

Thou bring'st us Tidings of the welcome Streak;
Speak out, and say no Traitor breaths in *Argos*.

Iphis. Your utmost Wish, my Lord, will soon be
answer'd;

For sure, I think, no Danger's to be fear'd.

Dan. Danger! from whence? He cannot 'scape me
now;

I place not now my Trust in Woman:

Pr'ythee explain thy idle Meaning.

Iphis. With utmost Zeal (my Lord) I spread a-
broad,

And strongly urg'd the Danger of your Person,
Conspir'd against by *Lynceus* and his Brothers,
Who expiated their Treason with their Blood;
Whilst *Lynceus* fled, but Justice had o'erta'en,
And brought to undergo a shameful Death.

Dan. Our right Procedure sure they must approve.

Iphis. The People, unattentive and unmov'd,
Regardless heard my Words, as is their Use;
The Prisoner in their Sight engag'd their Favour.

Hyp. Ev'n vulgar Minds discern uncommon Worth.

[*Aside.*

Iphis. His Prudence some, his Courage others
prais'd;

This in his Mien Greatness of Soul admires,
And swears such brave Deportment shew'd a Prince:
His Person ravish'd the whole Female Tribe.

Numbers

Numbers were taken with his moving Speech,
All Eyes then tear-full spake in his Behalf;
Whilst kindling Pity ran thro' all the Crowd,
And some more bold gave out their Voice to free
him.

Dan. Audacious Slaves !

Iphis. Not mov'd by Clamour, *Arcas* still press'd his
Death;

And call'd aloud for Execution.

E'er this (my Lord) your Foe's no more,
But yet there's Room to fear, least head-strong Rage,
Which seizes thus the madding People,
Should push 'em on to Mutiny and Riot.

Dan. 'Tis but to shew our Self, and Tumults
cease.

Thus the great Ruler of the watery World,
When rising Winds the Ocean's Face deform,
Uplifts his Head, and quells the gathering Storm :
Aw'd by his Looks, the Billows cease to roar,
And in soft Murmurs seek the distant Shore.

[*Ex. Dan. and Iphis.*

Hyp. Nor Words, nor melting Tears, can pierce his
Heart,

Not all my Passions can o'ercome his Fear. —
Well, my dear Lord, thou shalt not unattended pass
The gloomy *Stygian* Stream, nor travel thro'
Death's dreary Regions comfortless alone ;
Thy faithful Bride will take the Journey with Thee,
And thro' all Worlds participate thy Fate : —
Yes, 'tis with Pleasure that I now embrace
This ill-designed Gift, for better Use preserv'd :

[*Shewing the Dagger.*

'Tis Sorrow's Cure, and Dose to all my Pain,
For to my *Lyneus*, to my lov'd Lord 'twill send me.
See *Iris* frighted comes : If I delay,
I shall not overtake him. —

[*Raises her Hand to strike.*
Enter

Enter Iris hastily.

Iris. Stay, stay your Hand; *Lyneus* cries out, forbear.

Hyp. Alas, my Lord is dead; the Love thou bear'st me speaks:

Iphis beheld the horrid Tragick Scene,
And left him on the utmost Verge of Life.

Iris, he's gone; I'll not be long behind him _____

[Offering to strike.

Iris. Madam, forbear; too rash your Hand _____

[Preventing her.

The hasty Post oft runs on Falschood's Errand;
'Tis still in doubt whether we ought to grieve.

Hyp. Good News is nimble tongu'd, but thine is slow;

Not grieve! then say that *Lyneus* lives,
The rest I'll hear at Leisure.

Iris. Most sure my Lord yet lives, in every Place
His Name is heard, *Lyneus* the People cry,
Lyneus the Court resounds, whole *Argos* is in Arms:
The Multitude inrag'd espouse his Part,
To save his Life, or to revenge his Death.

Hyp. What do I hear?

Join your Assistance too, ye Gods.

Iris. In vain are all Attempts t' appease the Tumult:

The very Women, fierce with domestick Arms,
The Cry redouble, and encrease the Number,
Their growing Force confounds Account;
See *Idas* comes, with Looks importing Joy.

Enter Idas.

Hyp. O speak! My exulting Heart presages Life.

Idas. Madam he lives, for you your *Lyneus* lives.

Hyp. O

Hyp. O I adore the Goodness of the Gods!
But how could he escape my Father's Rage?
Give me the Pleasure of the world's true Tale.

Idas. A Rumour which industriously was spread,
That *Lyneus* was to die for blackest Treasons,
Drew swarms of People to the Palace Gate;
(*Argos* remain'd like a forsaken Hive.)
Determin'd to partake my Prince's Fate,
I press'd amidst the thickest of the Throng,
And labour'd to set right their credulous Minds;
Brought to their View th' Injustice of the King,
The secret Murders of the Royal Brothers,
Wish'd 'em to call to Mind (what all well knew)
The Virtues of the Prince he sought to slay,
Virtues that sav'd 'em, and preserv'd the King:
Show'd how his Actions did disprove Report,
And hop'd their Gratitude would not permit
Their great Deliverer should thus vilely fall:
Lyneus the brave to die by Hangmen's Hands.

Hyp. Bless'd be thy Tongue, on which Persuasion
hangs.

Idas. A confus'd Murmur freight infold my Words,
And generous Pity in their Hearts grew warm,
With Voice unanimous they all demand
That *Lyneus* be, set free: *Arcas*, too rash,
With haste conducts him to the fatal Spot;
And o'er his Head the threatening Sword was rais'd,
Prepar'd for instant Strok. —

Hyp. O take the frightful Image from my Mind.

Idas. The Sight of Death so near inflam'd the
Crowd;

Nor Duty now, nor Fear, nought could restrain 'em:
A thousand Hands at once on *Arcas* fell.
The King himself, unmindful of his Fate,
Advanc'd in vain to stop their boundless Rage;
The impetuous Storm drove all before it:

Distinction, Titles, Imperial Power gave way,
Great *Danaus* himself beneath its Fury fell.

Hyp. O Heav'ns! Have I then lost my Father?
Irrevocable Fate then hath decreed,
That I an Husband, or a Father mourn.

Idas. The Storm was follow'd by an happy Calm;
The People shouting, with one Voice, proclaim
Lynceus their King——

Enter Lynceus, &c.

Lyn. Where is the Princess? O my *Hypermestra*!
Relenting Heav'n, in Pity to our Loves,
Hath giv'n me back to Life.

Hyp. Forgive, me Prince,
If from my Eyes my Father's Death draws forth
These Tears, while I behold Thee safe.

Lyn. 'Tis just, thou pious Bride, and I commend
those Tears,
'Tis Time alone must stop their Course: Mean while,
From this Day's great Event, let Mortals know
The Gods dispose of all Things here below;
And learn, how much soever Men contend,
Their Labour's lost, for Heav'n directs the End.

F I N I S.





